

# BERMUDA VERSES



By  
LARRY CHITTENDEN

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Bermuda Lily Field.



A Lily Field.

HARRINGTON SOUND.

HAMILTON HARBOR.

# BERMUDA VERSES

BY

"LARRY" CHITTENDEN

"The Bookman," Author of "Ranch Verses"

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ILLUSTRATED

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

24 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

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BY  
WILLIAM LAWRENCE CHITTENDEN

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

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## Dedicated

To all Lovers of

## BERMUDA

The Ocean Paradise and Evergreen Land—

A Sub-Tropical English Garden at New York's Front Door—

Forty-five Hours from Broadway—

Off South Carolina Coast

Winter Temperature, 55° to 70°

Summer “ 70° to 86°

No Fogs. Flowers always

---

“There's no place like Bermuda, for here, bedad, we find  
The Isles of Maine, the Indies, and Italy combined”—

*Says Mr. Lafferty—page 32*

Photos by

W. H. POTTER,

BAILEY'S BAY, BERMUDA,

AND

LEWIS CONSTABLE

HAMILTON, *Canada*,

AND OTHERS

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BERMUDA VERSES



# Bermuda Verses

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## BERMUDA ETCHINGS, NO. 1

### THE BERMUDAS

**B**-RIGHT land of lovely lilies,  
                                                roses, and cedar trees,  
**E**-nchantment dwells about thee and in thy em-  
                                                erald seas.  
**R**-are palms and oleanders woo tropic tints of  
                                                bloom  
**M**-idst homes of purest coral and bowers of rare  
                                                perfume.  
**U**-pon thy lonely headlands and on thy echoing  
                                                shore  
**D**-reamed long ago a Poet;—all hail to Thomas  
                                                Moore!  
**A**- thousand charms surround thee; here there  
                                                is health and rest;  
**S**-weet, radiant, rare Bermudas, the Islands of  
                                                the Blest.

## BERMUDA ETCHINGS, NO. 2

### HARRINGTON SOUND

**H**-ERE where the world is quiet, and where  
no trouble seems,  
**A**-soul might sing forever amidst a land of  
dreams.  
**R**-emote from noisy rabbles and fashion's tuneless  
throng,  
**R**-ich echoes haunt the silence in this sweet realm  
of song.  
**I**-f bards could hint the music of this rare rap-  
turous shore,  
**N**-ew leaves might crown their laurels and fame  
forever more.  
**G**-reat crags and lonely islands midst purest em-  
erald seas,  
**T**-all palms and radiant flowers woo whispering  
cedar trees.  
**O**-ld gardens filled with roses and lilies fair  
abound,  
**N**-ear groves, and caves of coral, along this land-  
locked sound.





"SEAWARD."



HARRINGTON HOUSE.



## Harrington Sound

3

S—weet incense of ambrosia wooes every fluted  
air;

O—n crag and cliff and headland is beauty every-  
where.

U—nique it rests forever unvexed by crafts of  
steam,

N—o commerce mars its slumbers and here no  
white sails gleam,

D—efended pure and lovely—it dreams within a  
dream.

## BERMUDA'S INVADERS

LORD Roberts wants a million men to keep  
the Germans out  
From England's lightly burdened lands—a glorious  
scheme—no doubt?  
But what about Bermuda's needs—Britannia's  
loveliest isles,  
Just now beset by alien hosts, with arms, and  
gold, and—smiles!  
The transports are all burdened down—the  
enemy appears!  
Sharp-shooters of proud Uncle Sam, the Sweet  
Girl Volunteers!  
Yes, there is danger in the air: a dashing daunt-  
less band  
In dress parade and deftly armed beset Ber-  
muda's land.  
Invasion! yes, that is their game—they ride  
through every gorge,  
Unmindful of the livery bills, from Front Street  
to Saint George.



Tuck, Photos.

"BERMUDA INVADERS."



## Bermuda's Invaders

5

They flaunt gay colors everywhere, shoot shafts  
from starry eyes,

And make the native angels sigh in this real  
Paradise;

They capture all the big hotels—the local beaux  
and all—

And they will conquer too, I ween, the “Forty-  
Sixth Cornwall”!

Ye heroes of a hundred fights, ye warriors from  
Soudan,

To arms! Beware the Yankee girl—she “loves  
a soldier-man.”

She robs them of their swagger sticks and buttons  
by the score,

And oh, she dotes on Englishmen and then she  
sighs—for more.

The dangers ye have safely passed are naught  
to her, I swear;

Bermuda's Gallant Guardians, brave Forty-Sixth  
—beware!

The houses all are filling now; the ladies great  
and small

Are pouring tea and bombarding the Forty-Sixth  
Cornwall.

**Bermuda's Invaders**

Gay Colonel This and Major That and Captain  
Never Slow  
Are doing yeoman service now—aye, marching  
to and fro.  
“What are the bands a-playing for?” says  
Fi-Lees on Parade;  
“The gurls is ere! we’re tunin’ hup!”—The  
color sergeant said.  
The enemy assails Prospect—Montpelier has been  
won!  
Saint George, at last, is sore besieged by a fair  
Garrison.  
The Governor is in retreat, and Justice it is  
clear  
Has doffed its gown, and proudly yields to a  
Queen Volunteer!

The Native Sons are falling fast, the Masters  
at the Post;  
Bird’s Island, aye, and Cedar Hurst, fell to this  
charming host;  
And there are others sore beset—romance is in  
the air;  
Ye Island Beaux, gay gallants all, and Bachel-  
lors—beware!





Constable, Photo.

"INVADERS" IN POSSESSION OF LODGE.



Constable, Photo.

"INVADERS" AT THE LODGE.



## Bermuda's Invaders

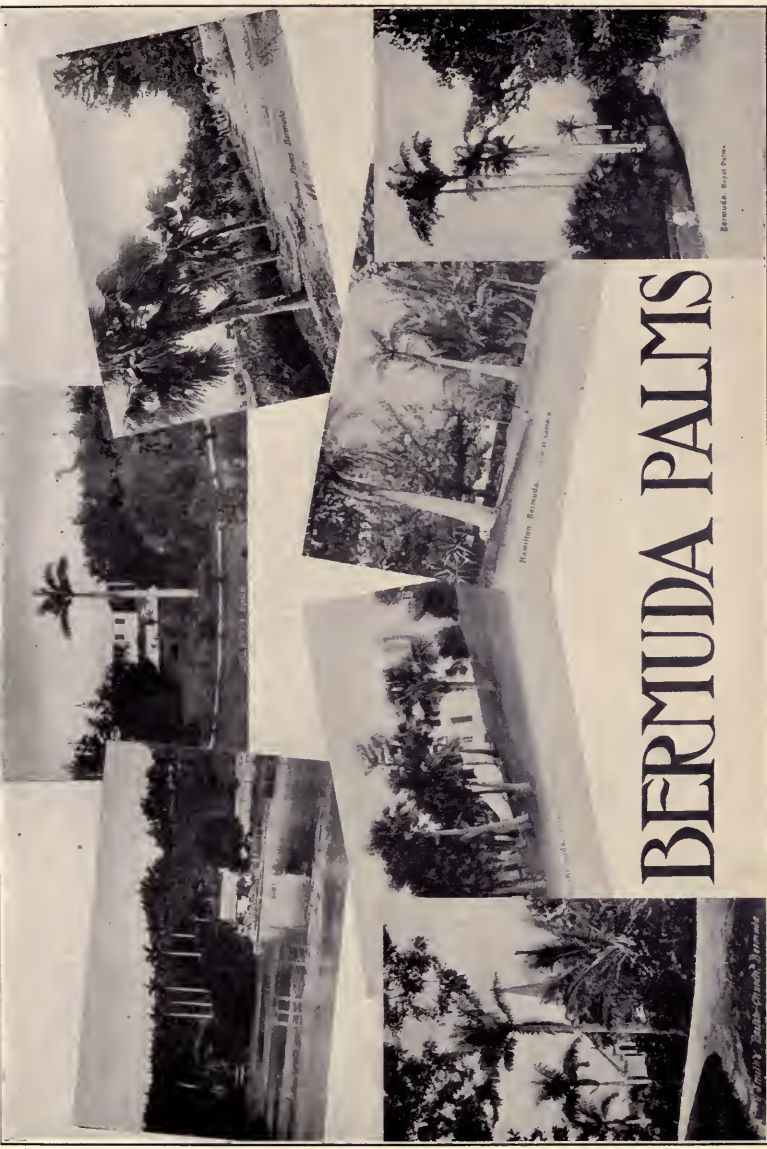
7

The Union Jack and Stars and Stripes, a combination grand,  
Float o'er the ramparts of the heart in proud  
Bermuda's land;  
Long may they wave forever true, in every calm  
and breeze,  
The Guardians of Peace and Right o'er all the  
Seven Seas.

Intelligence should rule the world—all anger,  
greed, and hate  
Should be controlled by Two-Power minds and  
taught to—arbitrate!  
May God's grand Armageddon dawn—that glorious peaceful day  
“When spears are beat to pruning hooks,” and  
swords are laid away;  
May ground-doves nest, aye, everywhere—around  
the cannon's mouth;  
And Northern hearts all learn to love God's  
proud poetic South.  
May Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men, obtain through all the world,  
And war drums sob their last tattoos, and  
battle-flags be furled.

Men's hearts are growing kinder now—no matter  
what "they say,"

For Right and Peace, and Love must rule, and  
God shall reign—some day.



# BERMUDA PALMS

Photos by Weiss, Bradley, and Bermuda Catering Co.

BERMUDA PALMS.



## TOM MOORE

THOUGH the Shamrock may fade while the  
pale lily weeps

In the Over-Sea lands where the Irish Bard  
sleeps,

His memory blooms in these islands around  
And brightens the Dreamlands of Harrington  
Sound.

While his name so immortal, resplendent, and  
strong,

Illumines the world from the temples of song,  
Now never a dreamer or singer should soar  
Without bowing low at the shrine of Tom  
Moore.

They should visit Bermuda's proud Isles of the  
sea,

Then view Walsingham and Moore's calabash  
tree;

They should hum that fond air as the glowing  
sun sets,

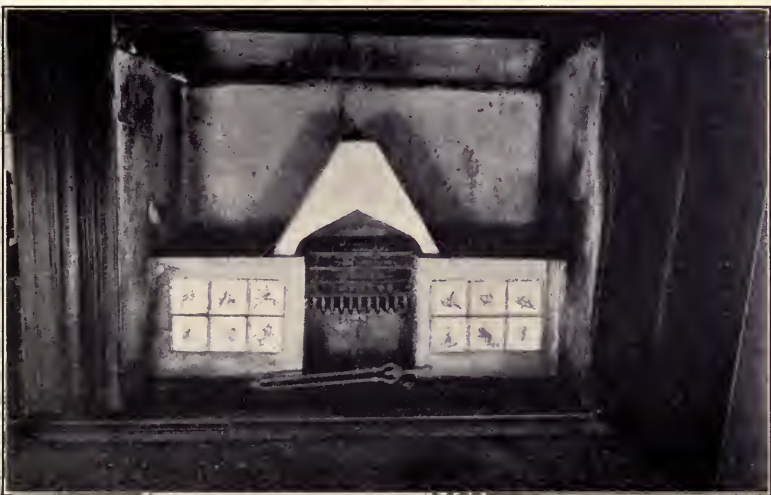
"The heart that has truly loved never forgets,"

“The Loves of the Angels,” and rare “Lalla  
Rookh,”  
And his soul-stirring songs they should ne’er  
overlook;  
They should read about Nea, the Poet’s sweet-  
heart,  
Then love the pale singer because of his art.  
The world has grown sordid with grafters and  
knaves,  
Yet Fame guards her wealth and her dead Poets’  
graves,  
“And the tear that we shed, though in secret it  
rolls,  
Shall long keep their memory green in our souls.”  
They sang—aye, they died—and their spirits  
have trod  
O’er life’s mountains of care to the Gardens of  
God,  
Those balm-breathing gardens of peace-giving  
breath  
In that Morning-kissed land o’er the River of  
Death,  
Where never an echo or murmur of wrong  
Shall mar the grand notes of their Infinite Song.





"WALSINGHAM"—MOORE'S HOUSE.



THE FIREPLACE IN MOORE'S HOUSE.



## BERMUDA ETCHINGS, NO. 3

WALSINGHAM

**W**-ITHIN this ancient mansion, in storied  
days of yore,

**A**-poet dreamed rare fancies—all hail to Thomas  
Moore!

**L**-ikewise here dreamed a lady, a woman known  
to fame,

**S**-upposed to be Moore's sweetheart, proud "Nea"  
was her name.

**I**-f from beyond that curtain through which no  
eye can see,

**N**-ea and Moore could whisper, what would their  
story be?

**G**-one—aye, but not forgotten! Ah, life is but  
a sigh!

**H**-ow soon the singer passes—but good songs  
never die!

**A**-nd though we must go Seaward to pale obliv-  
ion's shore,

**M**-oore's songs shall live in memory and heart  
forever more.

## A BERMUDA FAIRY TALE

FOR THE CHILDREN OF "MULBERRY VILLA,"  
SHELLY BAY, BERMUDA <sup>1</sup>

MY dear little Helen  
And Donald and "Rete":

Your message has come  
And it seems very sweet,

For you sent me your love  
On a cute little card

Displaying a house  
In a cute little yard.

And is that your "Villa"  
Where mulberries grow

In the beautiful land  
Where you never have snow?

Those beautiful islands  
I long for to-day,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Published by special request in *Bermuda Colonist*.



Photo by Bradley.

MAP OF THE BERMUDAS.



Photo by Grantham.

THE BERMUDA HUNT CLUB.



## **A Bermuda Fairy Tale**

13

Where the fairies are playing  
Around Shelly Bay—

For the children are fairies,  
As every one knows

Who lives in “the Land  
Of the Lily and Rose”—

And where 't is the custom,  
Ah, yes, quite the rage

For school-going children  
To ride on the stage,

On a stage which runs round  
Through a beautiful gorge

From Hamilton town  
To the town of Saint George.

Now once in my travels  
A few months ago,

I rode on that stage,  
As you very well know,

And there like two pictures  
Perched up on the seat

**A Bermuda Fairy Tale**

Were two lovely Fairies—  
Miss Helen and “Rete.”

’ The driver he knew them!  
The horses did too,

For they wagged their old tails,  
Seemed to say, “How de do?”

And the gay blushing flowers  
All nodded that day

As we travelled along  
To fair Shelly Bay.

The sunbeams were waving  
Gay banners of gold

In that land of enchantment  
As onward we rolled,

And the people we met  
In those flower-clad miles

All seemed to salute us  
With showers of—smiles.

They knew that the Fairies  
That day were at hand,





BERMUDA FAIRIES.



## A Bermuda Fairy Tale

15

As we all rode along  
Through a real Fairy Land,  
  
Where the roses and lilies  
And rare cedar trees  
  
Forever are wooed  
By the purest of seas;  
  
Where the "bee banquets on  
Through a whole year of flowers,"  
  
And life is a dream  
Amidst glad golden hours;  
  
Where spotless white houses  
Deck the coral reef sod,  
  
And rare birds abide  
In the gardens of God.  
  
But do you remember,  
My dear little sprites,  
  
That coral-gemmed Eden  
The fair "Isle of Wight's,"  
  
Where we watched the great vessels  
Work in through the west

**A Bermuda Fairy Tale**

From far-away lands,  
To your dream-land of rest ?

Where we all went fishing  
And you caught some whales,

Just the same as the children  
In real fairy tales ?

And where we went swimming,  
And Donald did too,

And Helen got frightened ?—  
You know *this* is true!

Yes, yes, she was frightened,  
Because, I suppose,

Some wicked old mermaid  
Was pinching her toes;

For the wonderful mermaids,  
The sea nymphs with curls,

Who live in the water,  
All like little girls.

So when you go swimming  
Mind what you 're about,



BERMUDA FAIRIES.



## **A Bermuda Fairy Tale**

17

For the mermaids will catch you  
Unless you watch out.

And they will carry you off  
To their coral-bound caves,

Far away from your mother,  
Down, down, 'neath the waves,

Where the sea-serpent dwells  
With the child-eating shark,

And the devil-fish swims  
And it's dismal and dark;

Where ghosts and bad giants  
Are drifting around,

To catch naughty children  
Who sometimes are—drowned.

So mind the good Sisters  
Who manage your school,

And try to live up  
To the great Golden Rule,

And mind your dear parents,  
And never do wrong.

**A Bermuda Fairy Tale**

But bless you, my fairies,  
This tale is too long;

Hence I think I must stop  
Till we four shall meet,

So good-bye, dear Helen  
And Donald and "Rete."

NEW YORK, Dec., 1906.





Lusher, Photo.

"The children are Fairies,  
As every one knows"



## A BERMUDA REVERIE

WHEN the soft silver hair of the moon is  
uncurled,

There are visions and dreams of that far-away  
world;

We can hear the low lull of the waters that roar  
On the Morning-kissed sands of Eternity's shore,  
And fainter—from farther—there echoes along  
The angelic sigh of an infinite song.

For dear voices come, soft, sad, sweet, and low  
From the shadowy vales of the dim long-ago.  
Then the pale lilies weep, and lonely winds sigh  
Since life is—a tear—a smile—and good-bye!

We all must soon sail for that silence profound,  
Far, far, from the Dreamlands of Harrington  
Sound.

Past deep Castle Harbour our vessels shall be  
Adrift and alone on a harbourless sea.  
No light of Saint David's shall show us the way  
On that last lonely reach o'er Oblivion's Bay,

Where spectre barks drift and haunted winds  
sigh

Near pale coral reefs of that dim Bye-and-Bye.  
Yet the Master has told us, and so it must be,  
When the last trumpet sounds "there shall be  
no more sea."

There's a dawn in the East, past rainbows of  
Quest,  
When the battle is o'er, where the weary may  
rest.

Beyond the last twilight of life, far away,  
The sun shall arise o'er a limitless day;  
Past shadows of trouble and cloudlands of care  
There are mansions of light in God's Over-There.  
So what does it matter—life's worry and grief?  
The journey o'er lowland and river is brief.  
Let us sow a few seeds—and sing as we sow—  
And do the kind thing wherever we go;  
With lilies of love and joy's roses and smiles  
Let us make life an Eden—to-day—in these Isles!



Photo by Bradley.

# MULLET BAY, ST. GEORGE'S.



Bagot, Photo.

# HARRINGTON SOUND "NATIVES"—CAUGHT NEAR "THE LODGE."



LINES TO SOME BERMUDA LADIES WHO  
KINDLY SENT PUNCH, CAKE, AND  
VALENTINES TO THE POET RANCH-  
MAN AT CHURCH BAY<sup>1</sup>

THE PUNCH

EXCUSE us, fair ladies, for the pleasure we  
take

In thanking you here for the gifts and the cake.  
The punch is delicious, sweet liquid sunshine,  
A cordial for angels—pure nectar divine.  
Great Homer has sung of the vintage of old,  
But here's to Bermuda's gay drink of pure gold!  
Rare rum from the Indies illumines its smile,  
Which toppers declare is far "smoother than—  
ile."

The fruits of the Tropics and spices combined  
Are blended in thee, by all artists refined;  
The milk of pure kindness dwells deep in thy  
heart

And soothes every soul with rare infinite art.

<sup>1</sup> From the *Bermuda Colonist*, February 19, 1908.

## The Cake

The knights of Barbados make "swizzles" in  
vain,—

Milk punch stands unmatched on the old Spanish  
Main.

The Outerbridge blend we believe is the best,—  
'T is a drink for the gods in this dreamland of  
rest.

Tom Moore would have loved it in brave days  
of yore—

Your health, gentle ladies, and here's to Tom  
Moore!

. . . . .

## THE CAKE

The cake—ah, the cake!—'t was delicious and  
good—

A gift from an angel—yes, real angel's food!  
"Elijah was fed by the ravens," they say,  
But angels feed bards in Bermuda's Church Bay.  
And angels who came to our cedar grove strand,  
With brave buccaneers, declared the cake grand.  
You cannot imagine the pleasure we had  
In cutting that cake and—just eating, bedad!  
One gay jolly captain who rode on his wheel  
Charged chocolate-creamed ramparts and won a  
square meal.





Photo by Bradley.

ST. GEORGE'S.



Photo by Vail.

CATHEDRAL ROCKS—SOMERSET.



## The Cake

23

A knight named "Sir Arthur," who hails from  
the West,

After four chocolate charges unlimbered his vest,  
And later we saw him alone—with a flower—

Yes, Robb-ed of his heart in our cute "kissing  
bower."

That bower's a dream! You shall see it some  
day—

If you deign to examine the charms of Church  
Bay.

But bold "Kissing Bugs" are now flying around  
The Bachelor's Lodge, on fair Harrington Sound ;  
E. Partridge, the marksman, who came pen in  
hand

To shoot up our follies, avowed the cake grand ;  
Sir "Hastings" and "Horace" were present, 't is  
true,

With sweet Spark-ling ladies who cut the cake too.  
And Hilda, our collie, of course she was there,  
And gravely ate cake from her seat on a chair.  
When meals at the Lodge are all ready to eat  
Miss Hilda appears and takes a front seat,  
Right up at the table, where her wistful eyes  
shine

And show that our doggie is waiting to dine.

. . . . .

## The Valentines

### THE VALENTINES

To the lasses who penned us the sweet valentines,  
We send them our heart tied up in these lines,  
And though it is leap year, as you have well said,  
Just a word of advice if you really must wed.  
Don't marry a poet—a bard will not do  
As a husband, or slave, for such angels as you.  
All women court comfort, want wealth and good  
meals;

Most poets go hungry; they live on—ideals!  
They never have mansions—for cash they don't  
care;

Their wealth is in fancy—their castles in air.  
“All bards are like turkeys,” the *Colonist* said:  
Better known and more loved—when they are all  
dead.

Oatmeal and fresh water and LOVE, we are told,  
Was the diet of bards in the brave days of old;  
They had no sea gardens, or Davis at hand  
To furnish them food in this real fairy land;  
With goings to Gosling's and Thompson's—en  
flight—

And Burrows', we conquer our fierce appetite!  
Doctor Anderson's cocktails at the Princess Hotel  
Don't soothe a real poet,—they made him unwell;



CRYSTAL CAVE.



JOYCE'S CAVE.



But the doctor's all right—little shy on the  
clime,

Yet it "will be warmer," dear Doctor, some time.

The shackles of marriage, alas, would be hard

If you were yoked up to a star-gazing bard;

So take our advice, it is true and it's fine:

Don't! don't! take a bard for your real valentine.

Just marry some fellow with feet on the ground,

Some Lord of Creation—or Harrington Sound.

There are lots of good chappies more worthy  
than we

Who would make better husbands, as you shall  
soon see.

Most "poets are fickle" and "wicked"—they  
say—

There's a divil's own cherub up here at Church  
Bay.

We are "vain and conceited"—Miss Know-it  
says so;

She knows everything, so of course she must  
know.

"All poets are crazy"—of course this is true,—

'T is a wild crazy fellow that's writing to you.

Bards like simple things, they are creatures of  
moods,

Who love the wild sea and the lone solitudes,

**The Valentines**

And sometimes at midnight midst darkness and  
gloom

They go to a church-yard to muse by a tomb;  
They are cross, gloomy fellows, unworthy, 't is  
true,

To ever aspire to angels—like you.

So don't marry poets! Now it surely is clear  
I am losing all chance for this lovely leap year,  
But I've told you the truth, dear ladies divine,  
Don't—don't—choose a bard for your real  
valentine.

“Larry's Lodge,” Church Bay,  
Bermuda, February 14, 1908,  
Valentine's Day.





Courtesy of Rudder Publishing Co.

THE WINNING YACHT "TAMERLANE."



Weiss, Photo.

THE "LYSISTRATA."



## BERMUDA ETCHINGS, NO. 4

### THE SOUTH SHORE

S-ONG leagues of emerald splendor here woo  
a lovely land

O-f oleandered beauty and purest  
coral sand;

U-pon the sun-kissed headlands the zephyrs  
wander free,

T-elling the listening lilies the  
poems of the sea;

H-ere Nature paints rare pictures of immortality.

S-ad echoes,—mournful dirges,—surround this  
Southern Shore,

H-aunting the cedared silence with sighs of—  
never more;

O-ut in the azure offing the wondrous water  
gleams,

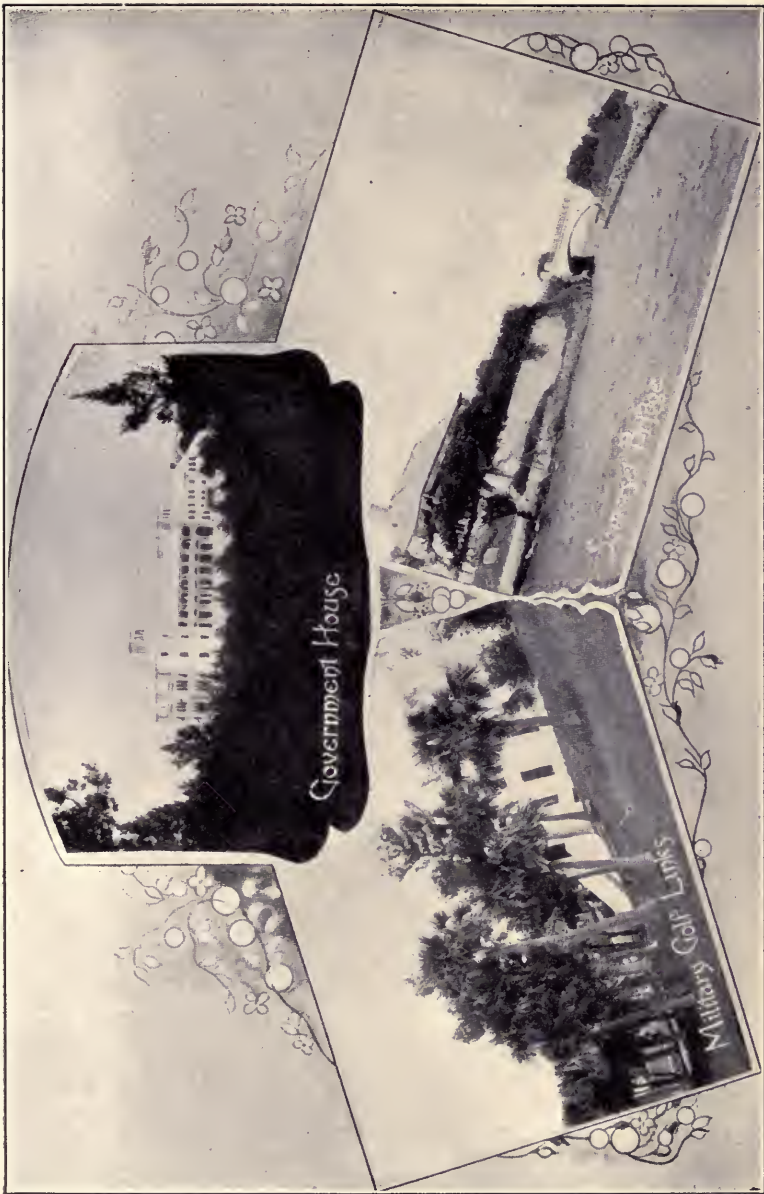
R-esplendent with God's jewels and Time's  
eternal beams;

E-nchantment woos the vistas and lulls the  
soul to dreams.

## BERMUDA ETCHINGS, NO. 5

### JOYCE'S CAVE

J-AGGED and weird are its wonders, rare,  
haunted, profuse and profound,  
O-utdoing the art of the ancients, dreams this  
great Masterpiece underground;  
Y-ears, aye—yes, for ages and æons—the slow  
silent chisels of Time  
C-arved there in a gallery of Beauty real statues  
and etchings sublime,  
E-nduring as unwooded Carrara, as spotless and  
pure as the snow,  
S-trange phantoms and visions abide there 'midst  
dreams of the lost long ago.  
  
C-lear lagoons of water have wedded this mar-  
vellous cave to the seas,  
A-nd underground islands of marble gleam there  
in a harbor of ease.  
V-ain, vain are mere words in describing this  
wonderful sight 'neath the sod—  
E-nchantment abounds in the chambers of this  
grand silent castle of God.



Weiss Photos.

BERMUDA SCENES.



## THE OCEAN YACHT RACE<sup>1</sup>

### NEW YORK TO BERMUDA

ALL hail the dauntless *Tamerlane*,  
Her crew, and Fleming Day!  
The winners of the ocean race  
To proud Bermuda's Bay.

Through lonely leagues and weary nights  
That gallant craft has sped,  
To emerald seas and glory rare,  
Off old St. David's Head.

And then straight on through Grassy Bay  
Close-hauled and snug and tight,  
She sought the realms of Fairy Land,  
Right off the Isle of Wight.

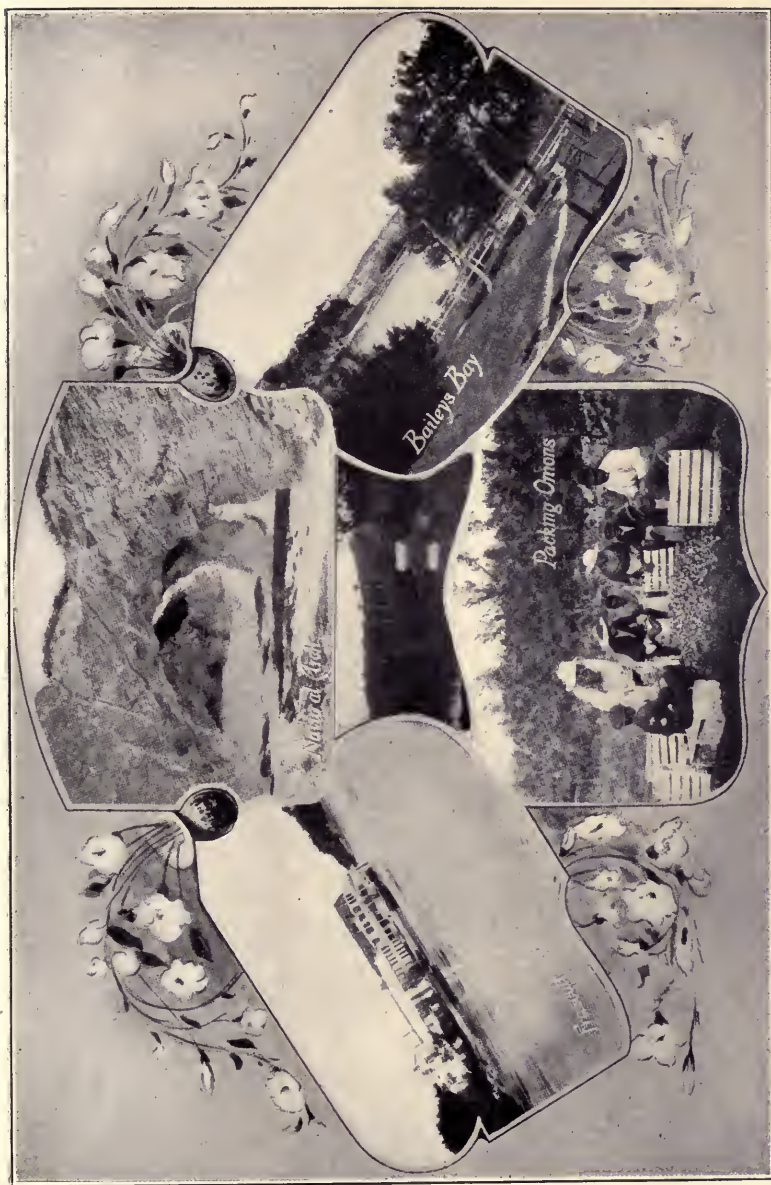
Where now the fluttering sea-birds' cries  
Are echoing far and near,  
"The *Tamerlane* has crossed the bar,  
Bold Fleming Day is here."

<sup>1</sup> From the New York *Herald*, June 5, 1906.

**The Ocean Yacht Race**

A yachtsman of the Seven Seas,  
The bard whom we recall—  
The author of "Ten Thousand Sail"  
"And swiftest of them all!"





Bradley, Photos.

BERMUDA SCENES.



## BERMUDA ETCHINGS, NO. 6

### TO THE LYSISTRATA

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S YACHT, VISITING  
BERMUDA

**L**-ARGE craft of grace and power, proud Princess of the Sea,

**Y**-ou are a great creation. All hail,  
we say, to thee!

**S**-wift as a snowy petrel, you skim the Ocean's breast,

**I**-nspiring all beholders, where'er you chance to rest.

**S**-taunch as an ocean liner, or galleon  
rare of old,

**T**-hou art indeed a picture, a dream of white and gold.

**R**-are taste and art and splendor are lavishly bestowed,

**A**-nd everything is perfect in this Press King's abode.

**T**-he whispering air is fettered to echo thoughts from thee,

**A**-nd so is every science, thou conqueror of the sea.

## LAFFERTY'S BERMUDA LETTER

*Mr. Patrick Lafferty, an Irish gentleman now in Bermuda, writes to his old friend Mr. Dooley, the famous Chicago philosopher. Lafferty's words about Bermuda, the auto car, Mark Twain, "Mr. Ruse Felt," and other notables are faithfully and correctly reported by Larry Chittenden, poet ranchman, as follows:*

**M**E dear frind Mister Dooley—Oi'm sendin'  
yez a line

To tell yez ov me travels: Bedad, Bermuda's fine;  
Such lovely radiant islands—grand views on  
every hand—

A region of enchantment—a flowery fairy-land.  
No other place is like it, for here, bedad, we find  
The Isles of Maine, the Indies, and Italy com-  
bined.

And oh, such wondrous waters—old Erin's  
emerald green,

'Mid peacock blues and sapphires—the purest  
ever seen.



"OUR BAILEY'S BAY POST-OFFICE."



Potter, Photo.

BAILEY'S BAY TENNIS CLUB.



## Lafferty's Bermuda Letter 33

No man can ever paint them, nor words can ever  
name

Bermuda's wondrous pictures—all in a coral  
frame;

And yet the Artist Farnum, now on the Isle  
of Wight,

May make this land immortal: his work is "out  
of sight."

When Nature brewed her rainbows she mixed  
her colors grand

Upon a gorgeous palette in fair Bermuda's  
land;

Wid brushes made of palm trees she drew a  
canvas bold,

Then framed it round wid cedar and sunset seas  
of gold.

She studied art in caverns—God's castles under-  
ground—

Wid miles of lovely lilies and onions all around.

The air is pure and bracing, the trees are ever  
green,

The houses are of coral—the cleanest ever seen;

Each one has some attractions—all charming  
Oi confess—

Neat castles of contentment—real homes of  
happiness.

34     **Lafferty's Bermuda Letter**

In simple kindly fashion, the people live along  
On tourists, flowers, and onions, and life is one  
sweet song.

Our old frind Cecil Tucker is now Postmaster  
here;

McCallan his assistant will help him mail good  
cheer.

Our Baileys Bay Post Office is in a parlor fine,  
Where Mr. North and daughter deliver us—  
sunshine!

Bermuda's a grand country—a lovely parlor  
land—

And here we common peopull can view the great  
and grand:

Mark Twain arrayed and hatless wid Rogers  
rides in state;

Wid wit and oil and money, Bermuda should  
be great.

Mark's giving us great lectures—chuck full of  
human light;

Faith, every one should hear him this coming  
Thursday night.

Oi'm told that our Big Baker just now has  
wondrous schemes.

Shure Ed is a born magnate—wid rale Thomp-  
sonian dreams.





Farnum, Photos.

"HILDA" AND HER FRIENDS.



Lafferty's Bermuda Letter 35

Up-Town Sinclair is writing a grand immortal  
fake

About our Social Sinners, our Tennis Teas and  
Cake;

And here we have a poet, a crazy chap they  
say,

Who lives amongst the tombstones and mer-  
maids of Church Bay.

Some citizens are making a lot of auto "noise,"  
P'r'aps they have livery stables which every one  
employs.

A study of this *business* (?) some wondrous things  
reveals—

Some hidden combinations—the wheels within  
the wheels.

This herding up the tourists in *dear* old Hamilton  
So livery men can bleed them is too much  
overdone;

Yet now the "House of Wisdom" is favoring the  
steeds:

*Autos with close restrictions are what Bermuda  
needs.*

About 4000 people have used the Spurling  
cars

This season in Bermuda without much hurt or  
scars;

One doctor got some bruises—some onions had  
a fall—

Some skeery folks were frightened—much talk,  
but that was all.

Because a few *spoiled* horses may shy or prick  
their ears

Must Progress be forbidden and stopped, alas,  
for years?

And must our patient people now pay 3000 pounds  
To buy up all the autos upon Bermuda's grounds?  
Arrah there, don't be talking—Oi know what  
Oi 'm about—

Bermuda *needs cheap transit to move the people  
out;*

To take them to St. George's and far-off Somerset  
Lest many good Bermudians their old-time friends  
forget.

All hail the Scarlet Runner! let 's have at least  
five more—

With careful, thoughtful drivers—when this  
great din is o'er.

Then when the war is over—as it will be some  
day—

Let 's know each other better when mists have  
rolled away;



Photos by Lusher.

BERMUDA HOTELS.



**Lafferty's Bermuda Letter** 37

Let 's banish all bad feeling, and do the best  
we can

To live that great religion—the Brotherhood of  
man.

Life here should be a poem, and, though it now  
is Lent,

The Bos'un Birds are feasting in islands of  
content.

There 's no place like Bermuda—this Eden of the  
Sea

Is just an earthly Heaven—where every one  
seems free;

Here is no White Man's Burden or hatred of one  
race;

Each lives and has his being in his appointed  
place.

The blacks are all respectful, can read, and are  
polite—

Here when at eve you pass them they always  
say "Good-night!"

Shure, Dooley dear, Oi'm thinking the British  
folks are wise

In their administrations—John Bull can colonize!  
Oi know the old West Indies—have lived in  
England, Doo,

And been a close observer of British justice too,

38     **Lafferty's Bermuda Letter**

Until somehow Oi 'm thinking that British laws  
are just

And that our Yankee freedom just now is all a  
Trust;

Wid crooks and politicians, Big Sticks in  
Printer's Ink,

And Lawson and The System, U. S. is on the  
blink.

There 's too much White House Thunder—when  
will it ever cease?

Our Presidential Barnum should give his coun-  
try peace!

But Uncle Sam will prosper, in spite of slips  
and screeds.

*Intercommunication* is what Bermuda needs—

The auto or the trolley, it 's all the same to me—

Cheap rides for all the people—that 's what says

**LAFFERTY.**

*Bermuda Colonist*, April 4, 1908.





Constable, Photo.

"LARRY'S LODGE."



Constable, Photo.

INTERIOR OF LODGE.



TO A LITTLE BERMUDA GIRL WHO GAVE  
ME HER COLLIE DOG

**M**Y dear little Joan, I send you a line  
To tell you of "Hilda."—Your doggie is  
fine!

After leaving your Papa and Mamma that day,  
With Gosling's dog biscuits we started away  
And caught the old stage which runs through  
the gorge

From Hamilton town to the town of Saint George.  
Brave Hilda sat with me upon the front seat,  
Where she wagged her proud tail, looking saucy  
and neat.

The passengers smiled and the gay driver said,  
"That is a wise dog, sah,—she has a fine head."  
And one lovely lady—let 's call her Miss B.—  
Said, "What a nice collie—please give her to me."  
But Hilda, she barked—she seemed to say "No!  
Bow wow! Miss—I thank you. Ged ap—let us  
go!"

So off we all started, midst good-byes and smiles;  
Then the lean horses ate up the evergreen miles

40      **To a Little Bermuda Girl**

Till Dorothy Lindsey, who saw us go by,  
Clapped her cute little hands and just shouted,  
    " Oh, my! "

The twilight was weaving rare banners of  
    gold

Through this land of enchantments as onward  
    we rolled,

And far in the distance the gates of the West  
Swung wide their grand portals to dreamlands  
    of rest.

Then Hilda she dreamed of two soft eyes of  
    blue

And a dear little girl: it must have been—  
    you!

At last after crossing a beautiful ridge,  
We came to the home of Miss A. Outerbridge,  
Who likes all good doggies and has a kind  
    heart,

And there we alighted to make a new start.  
Right there we found children—Miss Helen and  
    Lee,

With Ely—all Jelliffes—and waiting for tea.  
They gave us such welcomes, and Helen's brown  
    eyes

Just sparkled and danced with delight and  
    surprise.



SCENES NEAR LODGE.



## To a Little Bermuda Girl 41

Then the children all promised to wander around  
To the new home of Hilda on Harrington Sound.

. . . . .

It's a marvellous realm and we want you to come  
And see us some day in our white coral home.  
Hilda owns the whole house and she sleeps on  
the floor,

And would you believe it? — Miss Hilda can  
snore.

Our Jessie she likes her—and my she likes  
“Jess”—

For Jess is the servant who feeds her—“I guess”!  
Mr. Potter, my neighbor, who lives very near,  
And knows about ranching, says Hilda's a deer.  
She really is dear, and has eyes like a fawn,—  
E. P. Roe took her picture last week on the  
lawn.

“Kernal” Ellis and ladies who happened around  
Said Hilda was queen of all Harrington Sound.  
So don't you feel sorry or sigh for your dog,  
But just come and see her and sit on my log,  
My log 'neath the cedars which grow chocolate  
creams

And cookies and cakes that are Thompstonesque  
dreams.

42      **To a Little Bermuda Girl**

She will take you in bathing and show you a  
trick,

How she jumps in the water and swims with a  
stick.

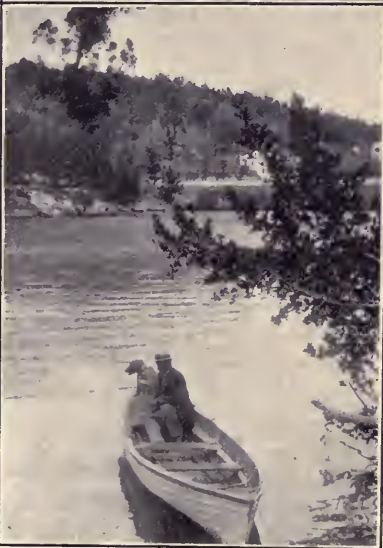
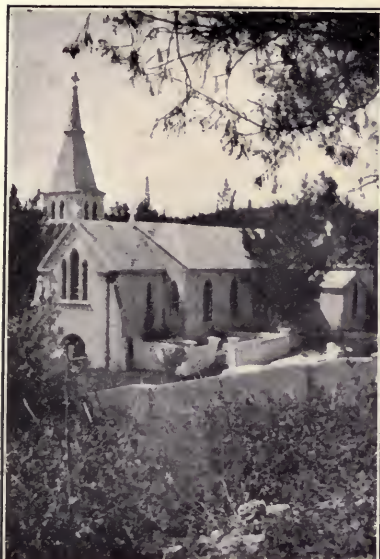
I will give you a grotto where fairies reside  
In a submarine garden well tilled by the tide.  
There are marvellous flowers and jewels and  
pearls,

And wonderful mermaids with beautiful curls;  
'Neath the emerald water, down, down 'neath  
the waves

There are all kinds of Joyce's and Wilkinson's  
caves.

But if you get tired—perhaps you can have tea  
In a humming-bird's bower with Hilda and me!  
So come along soon, Miss Joan, don't dodge—  
We all want to see you out here at the Lodge.





Photos by Roe.

### CHURCH BAY ETCHINGS.



## BERMUDA ETCHINGS, NO. 7

### ST. GEORGE

**S**-URROUNDED by etchings of nature, it  
dreams on the heights of the sea,

**A**- modernized castle of comfort, a Mecca for  
you and for me.

**I**-f the gallant old tars of Bermuda could come  
from the lost long ago,

**N**-o doubt they would stare at the progress, for  
the *Sea Venture* now is not slow!

**T**-is a craft where old ship mates may gather,  
a haunt which all tourists should know.

**G**-ood will is the way in Saint George's, where  
the natives all study to please;

**E**-ach stranger is welcomed with kindness and  
fêted with sailings and teas.

**O**-h, this is a town for ye poets! ah, here we  
don't have to disgorge,

**R**-ah! rah! for the rare Somers Islands! three  
cheers for the sons of Saint George!

**G**-ood luck to the realms of Bermuda, the Land  
of the Lily and Rose,

**E**-ach day is her loveliness dearer—each hour  
a dream of repose.

## “LARRY’S LODGE”

’TIS a dear little place in a grove by the sea,  
Where the birds and the fairies are living  
with me.

The lonely stars love it, and the proud cedar  
trees

Are full of sad music—the sigh of the seas;

The old Abbott’s Cliff leans aloft to the skies

In this lily-clad realm of a lost Paradise.

Here the Bos’un Birds come, and the sea-gulls,  
they say,

Have wonderful concerts at times in Church Bay.

Ah, the church is a picture—a poem of old—

A song with a sermon, close, close to the mold

Where the lost dreamers sleep ’neath the coral-  
gemmed sod

Since their spirits have gone to the gardens of  
God—

The beautiful gardens beyond the dark tomb,

Where the roses and lilies eternally bloom.

When the soft silver hair of the moon is uncurled

There are visions and dreams of that far-away  
world;

We can hear the low lull of the waters that  
    roar

On the silver-kissed sands of Eternity’s shore,  
Where spectre barks drift through a silence  
    profound—

’T is a harbor of dreams is fair Harrington Sound.

Yet long, long ago, in the brave vanished years  
This Bay bore the barks of the bold Buccaneers,  
And to-day their wild hearts haunt the winds  
    and the rain

And spectres appear from the old Spanish Main.  
Hard by on Hall’s Island rare treasures were hid  
By that Cræsus of pirates—the great Captain  
    Kidd.

La Fitte the bronzed Creole oft sailed through  
    the gorge

And anchored his barks in the bays of Saint  
    George;

To-day, near Moore’s Mansion, strange verdure  
    appears

Which tells of the Tropics and sly Buccaneers,  
Who planted weird creepers and vines all around  
To hide their retreats in the caves underground.  
Near there it is said, a refuge was made  
By contraband vessels which ran the blockade.

A gunboat was built on Church Point in Church  
Bay

And the ways of that boat are observed here  
to-day.

Here Chapman, a colonel, of Great Britain’s best,  
Has planted bright blooms round ye Poet’s rare  
Rest;

Where the Governor came, all forgetful of State,  
And dreamed in the grove past the little white  
gate;

Where artists like Alden, and editors grim,  
And children and mermaids all come for a swim.  
Here yachtsmen, like Beiling and Stryker and  
Day,

Have loafed with their souls and ye Bard of  
Church Bay.

Here Potter takes Photos—artistically too—  
And p’r’aps, gentle reader, some day he’ll take  
you,

If you visit the Lodge in a grove by the sea  
Where the birds and the muses are living with me,  
Where the lone Abbott’s Cliff leans aloft to the  
skies

In this lily-clad realm of a lost Paradise.



CHURCH BAY ETCHINGS.





## BERMUDA ETCHINGS, NO. 9

### CHURCH BAY

C-ALM in its sylvan beauty it dreams midst  
emerald seas.

H-ere all is rest and quiet—a real

Hesperides,

U-nvexed by noise or rabbles, far from the city's  
throng;

R-are echoes haunt the silence in this pure realm  
of song.

C-oncealed 'neath palms and lilies, lost in pale  
homes of sleep,

H-ere dwell God's quiet dreamers, who neither  
work nor weep.

B-eside the purest waters, beneath the softest  
skies,

A- steadfast spire is pointing the paths to

Paradise.

Y-ea, this is an Elysium—a shrine where Memory  
sighs.

BERMUDA ETCHINGS, NO. 10

THE BOS'UN BIRD

**B**-RIGHT-WINGED dream of beauty, since  
you again appear

**O**-n fair Bermuda's islands, we know that spring  
is here.

**S**-wift as the stormy petrel, you fly across the  
skies,

**U**-ntamed and loved forever, Sea-bird of Para-  
dise;

**N**-ew hopes attend your coming, new dreams with  
you arise.

**B**-ermuda well might claim thee, and yet thy  
flight is far

**I**-n warmer tropic countries where loyal trade-  
winds are.

**R**-are is thy graceful beauty, thou "long-tail" of  
the sea.

**D**-elighting all beholders, blithe bird of Purity.



Bushell's Handbook.

YACHTS. HAMILTON HARBOR.



Bushell.

REGATTA DAY—IN HARBOR.



## BERMUDA'S GUARDIANS

### "THE FORTY-SIXTH CORNWALL"

ALL hail Bermuda's guardians—her soldiers  
great and small,  
Bronzed bulwarks of the British Isles—The  
Forty-Sixth Cornwall.  
They fought and won a score of fights—then  
trecked ten thousand miles,  
To where they win the people's hearts in all the  
Fairy Isles.  
Their bugles are a-blowing now—their flags are  
well displayed;  
The Forty-Sixth is at Prospect—her men are on  
parade.  
No "absent-minded Beggars" here—but soldiers  
one and all,  
Bermuda's gallant guardians—The Forty-Sixth  
Cornwall—  
Her officers and Tommies too—we offer them our  
hand—  
That valiant jolly regiment with CHAPMAN in  
command.

The genial Chap—a fighter, yes—built on a generous plan,  
Who wielding sword and brush and pen is every inch—a man!  
To Captains FARGUS, KIRK, and DENE, STERRICKER, TAYLORS two,  
The Majors three, Lieutenants all, we dip our flag to you.  
The Yankee flag of Uncle Sam—and here's our Texas cheers,  
For Colonel WRIGHT and Major YOUNG—The Royal Engineers!  
To BAGOT, CONNER, FULLER, DAY—The Royal Garrison—  
The Chaplains—Surgeons—Service Corps—salutes for every one.  
And here's to General WODEHOUSE gone to fill a big recall,  
Commander now in India—the best beloved of all.  
Loud volleys for the Governor—a FIVE-CLASP medal man,  
Who ruled the Nile, controlled Khartoum, and fields South African.  
To Colonels BAKER—S. FREW-EN and Captain NICHOLSON



Photos by Weiss, Potter, and Bradley.

BERMUDA'S GALLANT GUARDIANS: THE FORTY-SIXTH CORNWALL.





The "R. G. A's"—Militiamen, salutes for every  
one.

Bermuda's gallant guardians—no matter who  
ye are—

Old Uncle Sam salutes you all and says—hip!  
hip! hurrah!—

The bugles are a-blowing now—the flags are well  
displayed—

Some valiant sons of Albion's Isle—to-day are  
on parade.

Hence in this flowery, lovely land—we here  
salute them all,

Bronzed bulwarks of the Fairy Isles—The Forty-  
Sixth Cornwall.

## GOOD-BYE

TO-DAY, Little Girl, your note has come,  
And with it the South Wind's sigh.  
There is much to be said, but my lips are dumb;  
I am not surprised, though my heart is numb—  
Good-bye, Little Girl, good-bye.

The sad old sea sings a song to-day,  
The song of a lost soul's cry;  
The billows moan, and they seem to say,  
“Farewell, we must part and go our way”—  
Good-bye, Little Girl, good-bye.

The dream I had was wondrous fair,  
But alas! it was all a—lie;  
Yet fancy clings to a dream more rare,  
And I shall find mine own—somewhere—  
Good-bye, Little Girl—good-bye.

We never *met*, though we thought we did,  
And now it were vain to try;  
From each to each our souls are hid,  
And future meetings the fates forbid—  
Good-bye, Little Girl—good-bye.



STEAMER "BERMUDIAN," OUTWARD BOUND.



STEAMER "PRINCE GEORGE," ENTERING ST. GEORGE'S HARBOR.



## Good-Bye

53

No matter that time for me brings rue,  
    May your life be glad and high;  
May all your hopes and dreams come true  
And all your friends be proud of you—  
    Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

BELLE HARBOR, N. Y.,  
    July 29, '06.

## RETURNING TO THE RANCH

WELL, fellers, I 've got home agin, and hit  
seems sorty strange  
To mosey roun' the ole corrals on this hyar  
lonely range.  
This evenin' az the sun went down, and I cum  
up the trail,  
An' seen our little low-roofed house a squattin'  
in the vale,  
An' when I struck the brandin' pens and heered  
old Pinto's barks,  
An' listened at the cagey Jack and them ole  
medder larks,  
Then when I looked at Skinout Hills a-veiled in  
purple air,  
The twilight seemed to smile at me an' glow a  
welcom' there.  
An' when I seen the S. B. brand, an' that ole  
sorghum stack,  
Them saddles hangin' by the door, hit seemed  
like gittin' back;

## Returning to the Ranch 55

But when I viewed thet pided steer, and heered  
yer had no rain,  
I knowed thet I hed hit the ranch, hed shore got  
home again!

I've seen a heep uv plezzant things, and yet hit  
did me good  
Ter spy ole Jim in his ole jeans jest packin' in  
the wood!  
An' thar was Buck an' Horse-shoe Sam, an' thar  
upon the still,  
All smiles an' spurs an' high-heeled boots, wuz  
russler Windy Bill.  
Oh, Bill, they say, hez got renown, an' perhaps  
you may recall  
How he performed one Christmas time an' led the  
"cowboys' ball."  
Then az I crossed the littered yard and pulled  
the lazy latch,  
An' seen them ole termater cans, I knowed 't was  
livin' batch.  
An' when I ate them unblessed beans and lin-  
gered round the pork,  
I thought of London's tabble dotes and dinners  
in New York;

56      **Returning to the Ranch**

But when I chose some soggy bread, and seen the  
fellers look,  
I knowed thet I wuz home agen—thet Windy  
Bill was cook!

Well, ez we sot around the fire and heered the  
coyotes' cries,  
And listened at the owl's hoo-oo, I told some  
whoppin' lies.  
Yes; while the boys chawed navy-plug, I lied  
an' yarned about  
My travels over land an' sea until their eyes  
bugged out.  
At last the boys rared back to talk, an Hash  
Knife showed his hat,  
An' then I heered of maverick steers, an' kyort,  
an' sech az that.  
They joked about a shootin' scrape, an' John  
who laid in jail,  
An' then they cussed the Deestrick Judge fer  
not acceptin' bail.  
At last old Horse-shoe blurted out from off his  
blanket bed—  
"I reckon that yer heered about yer yellor mare  
wot's—dead?



She was a right peert little hoss, chuck full uv  
grit and pride;  
But she got puny when yer left, and then she  
up an' died!"

Ah! then somehow a silence cum, an' in the  
chimbley there,  
I sorty kep' a seein' her—that little yellin'  
mare!  
I thought about them tricks an' ways, her honest,  
faithful eyes,  
Until the moanin' midnight wind wuz jest a  
wailin' sighs!  
I never hed a friend like her, so activ', sure, an'  
true;  
No matter what the bizness wuz, she 'd allers  
pull yer through.  
An' onct at night she saved my life—outran a  
prairie fire;  
An' ez fer swimmin' swollen streams, uv thet  
she 'd never tire.  
An' often on the starlit plains, where we the  
night would pass,  
I've heered that mare a munchin' songs out in  
the needle grass.

58      **Returning to the Ranch**

Oh! when I cross the dark divide fer pastures  
over there

I hope I'll find that little hoss, my dear ole  
yeller mare.

. . . . .

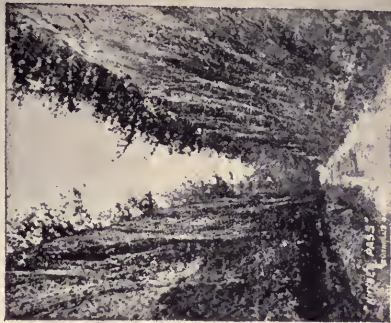
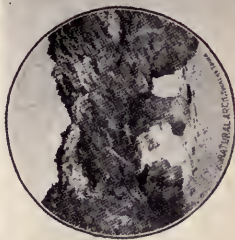
Well, all ter onct, while studdyin' on, I heered  
ole Windy snore!

Ah! then I knowed I'd hit the ranch! I'd done  
got home fer shore.

# BERMUDA SCENES.

From Bushell's Handbook.

## BERMUDA



## VIEWS OF





## WHERE THE WOODPECKER KNOCKS ON THE DOOR

YES, fellers, I 'm back at the old ranch again,  
the place that I feel is so dear,  
'Mongst the coyotes and rabbits and prairie dogs  
vain, and methinks it is good to be here,  
Where the birds are all singing around on the  
trees, and the owls are calling tu-whooh!  
Ah, there's music to me in the soft-sighing  
breeze, and the northers are musical, too.  
You may talk of the pleasures and joys of the rich,  
your oprees and parties so gay,  
But I don't keer a fig fur them things an' all sich,  
fur yer see I 'm not built thet 'er way.  
Hit don't make much difference what any one says  
'bout the pleasures of life in New York,  
But for simon pure pleasure an' wild nature's  
ways, jest give me my ranch on the Fork.  
For here we 're all happy, away from the throngs,  
far away in the lone solitudes,  
Where the voices of Nature are full of sweet songs,  
full of music that matches all moods;

## 60 **Where the Woodpecker Knocks**

And oft in the morning, the bright Texas morn,  
when our dreams of the night are all o'er,  
We awake from our slumbers, as sure as you're  
born, by the woodpecker's knock on the  
door.

Now, the people out here who attend to the ranch  
and rustle the outfit and herds  
Don't put on much style or keer for Long Branch,  
but they keer for us boys and the birds.  
They are kind to all critters, as you may suppose.  
The 'possums sleep under the house.  
The coyotes are friendly, as each chicken knows.  
We have prairie dogs tame as a mouse.  
The martins are nesting all under the eaves. The  
beef steers go nosing around.  
The house is wide open. No danger of thieves—  
there's nothing to steal that I've found.  
The heelflies make love to the heifers and cows.  
The blackbirds just love that old steer.  
We're at peace with the world, and away from all  
rows—oh, I tell you, we're happy out here!  
Yet oft in the summer the rattlesnakes come to  
sleep in the shade of the yard;  
But the dogs wake them up till their rattles just  
hum—ah, the snakegressor's way is so hard!

## Where the Woodpecker Knocks 61

Still the best thing of all and the sound that I  
    love is that music I've mentioned before;  
It is sweeter to me than the song of the dove—is  
    that woodpecker's knock on the door.

Oh, this gay speckled bird is an old friend of  
    mine, for here is just where he was  
    born.

He drinks from the bucket—our water is fine—  
    and he runs the whole ranch every morn.

He hops to the kitchen, stands in with the cook,  
    in his knowing old woodpecker way;

But if she don't feed him, he gives her a look, and  
    then he just hammers his lay.

"A rap a tap tap, a tap tap a tap tup!" I must  
    have my breakfast, you see.

You people are lazy. It's time to get up! "A  
    rap a tap, tap a tap, tap—tee!"

Oh, I tell you that bird is a knowing old cuss.  
    He shows it with many a proof;

And he makes a big racket and terrible fuss when  
    he hammers away on the roof.

"A rap a tap, tap a tap, tap a tap—tit"—these  
    shingles, boys, never will do.

They are full of wood insects. They'll have to  
    be split—"a rap a tap, tap a tap too."

62 **Where the Woodpecker Knocks**

Yes, I tell you, he knows, that sapsucker bird,  
just what that old roof has in store.

Ah me! we have music which you may have  
heard, where the woodpecker knocks on  
the door.

We don't envy "Teddy" his strenuous strife.  
We hope he won't get in a fix;

But we 're stuck on the free easy West Texas life,  
far away from machine poly-ticks.

Now, speaking of "ticks"—you know what I  
mean—we don't have those varmints out  
here.

Though I 've heered they was kitched down in  
old Abilene on a Bar Y C Circle F steer.

Our cattle are healthy. We're over the line.  
Jones County from fever is free.

Our crops are immense. Wheat and cotton are  
fine, but the nesters are close herding me.

Now, I am a stockman who has a big range; but  
"the man with the hoe" is about.

The country 's all fenced. There has come a big  
change. The ranchman will have to git out.

The farmers are smiling. There 's plenty of rain.  
Our new town of Stamford is grand.

They say that old "Anson will shore git the train"  
—and the settlers is wanting more land.





Constable, Photo.

CHURCH BAY CHURCH.



Bushell's Handbook.

ISLAND MEMORIES.



## Where the Woodpecker Knocks 63

I suppose we will have to gear up and go west,  
pull our freight for the foot of the Plains,  
Where the prairie dog sneezes and pulls down  
his vest and the jackrabbit prays for the  
rains.

But no matter what happens, wherever we go,  
we shall think of old S Forty-Four,  
That ranch on old Skin Out—which you perhaps  
know—where the woodpecker knocks on  
the door.

Chittenden's Ranch, Anson, Tex.,  
April, 1901.  
From *Galveston-Dallas News*.

## RECIPROCITY

PAUL and I as friends were noted  
Till we met the fair Miss Kate;  
Then, as rivals, both devoted,  
All our friendship turned to hate.

Well, at last he won my treasure,  
They were married in the fall;  
Matrimony *seemed* such pleasure—  
How I envied happy Paul!

Years have passed—poor Paul looks weary;  
I am single, gay, and free;  
Matrimony *proved* so dreary—  
Heavens, how Paul envies me!



Roe, Photo.

"THE STRENUOUS LIFE": "COME IN, TEDDY, THE WATER'S FINE."



YE BARD'S EXIT.



## A VISION

### WHAT DID THE LADY DO?

AT midnight sad and lonely, within a haunted  
room,  
Midst Hope's lost shattered idols, and Memory's  
gathering gloom,  
While spectral phantoms whispered thoughts of  
the shadowy shore  
And ghosts of wrecked ambitions suggested—  
Nevermore—  
We had a wondrous vision, a dream which  
cannot die,  
A rare immortal picture, in mansions of the sky.  
Above the morn's projections, beyond the loneli-  
est star,  
Love sketched a glorious etching, we viewed it  
from afar.  
We saw a great-souled woman, with glorious ear-  
nest eyes,  
Holding the keys to heaven, at gates of Paradise.

Pure as some chaste Madonna, proud as a queen  
of state,  
Saint Peter might have wooed her, up there at  
heaven's gate.  
And there were countless lovers—alone, unloved,  
apart,  
Who sought to pass the portals—the heavens of  
her heart.

Some titled men approached her, and knights  
from everywhere;  
All failed to gain admission, they could not enter  
there.  
And then those weary wanderers, from whom all  
hope had fled,  
Departed sad and humbled—"She has no heart,"  
they said.  
"She lives but for ambition, she dwells too far  
above  
The lowly ken of mortals—she does not care for  
love."  
At last an humble singer, a bard arrived too  
late,  
All travel-worn and weary—approached fair  
heaven's gate.



He did not try to enter, but, ah, he lingered  
long,  
And then at last at twilight, he hummed an  
ardent song.  
The song was unpretentious, but filled with  
earnest words,  
And music of the prairies, and notes of mocking-  
birds;  
'T was plaintive, sad, and pensive, and yet at  
times 't was free  
And full of nature's music, and echoes of the Sea.

It whispered of the flowers, pure kissed with  
summer rain,  
And, though it never murmured, it breathed of  
echoed pain.  
It told an old, old story—a glorious song of youth,  
The hopes and dreams of mortals, and, ah, it  
thrilled with truth!  
At last some angels heard it; their harps re-  
sounded then—  
“This is an earnest singer, he loves his fellow-men.  
His heart beats high, but kindly, his music is  
sincere,  
And since his soul is weary, he ought to enter here.

We pray you, good Saint Peter, and that proud  
Lady there,

Admit the lonely singer, and free his heart from  
care."

But then the vision faded, and now amidst life's  
din

We wonder if she listened and let the singer in.  
Since angels heard the music so sweet and sad  
and true

And pleaded for the singer—*What did the Lady  
do?*

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## *Ranch Verses.*

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Mr. Chittenden has done his work carefully—we can hear the cyclone rushing by, and we feel that ranch life has a good deal that is enticing in it when we read such lines as "The Cowboys' Christmas Ball." Mr. Chittenden writes very pleasing verses, and we are glad to have his book.—*N. Y. Herald*.

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The pieces are excellent. A vein of beauty, simplicity, and a careless sort of style suggest breezes from the staked Plains and the hills of the Guadalupe.—*N. Y. Independent*.

There is originality and spontaneity of inspiration in some of the pieces contained in a volume entitled "Ranch Verses," by "Larry" Chittenden, which reproduces here and there something of the fresh air and the wild life of the prairies.—*London (England) Times*.

The Cowboys have not had long to wait for their poet. The joys and sorrows of the ranchmen, their life on the lonely plains under the open sky, find adequate expression in this volume of creditable verse.—*London Publishers' Circular*.

One of Mr. Chittenden's best pieces is "Neptune's Steeds," not one of the best is where he endeavors to chaff Mr. Kipling. But we are never quite out of charity with Chittenden, except when he rhymes Alice to palace.—*Manchester (England) Guardian*.

The dialect poems are worthy to stand beside those of Bret Harte and Riley.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

## *Press Opinions.*

"Ranch Verses" have a swing and dash and a rare freshness.—*Boston Literary World*.

Very pretty verses, and very comprehensive.—*N. Y. World*.

The best metrical description of ranch life ever published.—*N. Y. Evening Telegram*.

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Chittenden's Ranch is a home of the muses. It has developed a high order of prairie poems.—*N. Y. Home Journal*.

"Ranch Verses" is a worthy and very welcome contribution to our best American poetical literature. Mr. Chittenden's verse flows with an ease, freedom, and vigor that are very attractive, and almost invariably it is marked by true poetic genius and scholarly carefulness.—*Boston Home Journal*.

A most charming book of poetry. Mr. Chittenden is a genuine poet. His poems have touch, insight, rhythm, and merit which ought to be recognized.—*Boston Traveller*.

There is considerable descriptive power in "Ranch Verses," and they have a swing and force which is very agreeable. The book deserves approbation.—*Boston Congregationalist*.

"Ranch Verses" have a wild native flavor which is agreeable to the taste. The author has a cheerful spirit, he possesses considerable originality, and has the knack of turning off stanzas with accuracy and ease.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Many of Mr. Chittenden's poems possess divine fire, and there is a certain sweetness, simplicity, and freshness about them which gives them an unusual charm. The opening poem, "Hidden," is worthy of Tennyson or Longfellow. It is a beautiful volume.—*National Tribune*.

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Chittenden's poems have a swing about them which is very attractive. He gives us Flemish pictures of Texas life, the realism of which is never vulgar, and the habit of which is rich, rare, and racy.—*Chicago Post*.

## *Ranch Verses.*

Mr. Chittenden has won and deservedly retains the title of "Poet Ranchman." His book will make the name of Chittenden a household word in thousands of homes long after his pilgrimage among men has ended, and it will secure for its talented author a conspicuous place among the most deserving verse writers of the country.—*Chicago Sun and Drovers' Journal*.

"Ranch Verses" are pleasant, and have the spirit of a free and breezy life. Beyond the limits of Western dialect the best poem is one entitled "The Vikings of Cape Ann," a song to the Gloucester fishermen. It is spirited and natural, with the genuine poetic instinct in it.—*Chicago Times*.

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There are some charming gems of verse in this volume, well worth the rich setting they enjoy.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

We cannot help feeling that East and West there will be a good many pleased readers of a volume of poems called "Ranch Verses." Chittenden is genuine, and his verses have the true flavor of the soil.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The book contains an excellent collection of versification, and will certainly fill a place in the vast field of poetic literature.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

A very pretty volume, and very pretty verses. Some of the poems are really fine, true of metre, lofty of conception, and felicitous of expression.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Chittenden's muse has a fresh, sweet note of her own, both musical and graceful.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

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The public is to be congratulated that Mr. Chittenden's poems have been gathered into permanent form. With the hand of a lover he has painted a thousand pictures as clear and true as ever shone on artist's canvas. Nature's vibrant chords echo through everything the "Poet Ranchman" has written.—*Houston (Tex.) Post*.



## *Press Opinions.*

We like the volume, and are pleased to commend it for its literary merit, its subjects of interest, and strong moral teaching.—*San Antonio (Tex.) Express.*

"Ranch Verses" are none of them long; they are varied in style, and differ widely in choice of theme; many are local, others purely sentimental, and some are extremely pathetic. The versatility of the "Poet Ranchman's" genius is too well known to need further comment.—*Fort Worth (Tex.) Gazette.*

There is a sense of freedom and a note of the untrammelled in "Ranch Verses." One may almost hear the whistling of the Northerners and the dismal howling of the coyotes in "The Cowboys' Christmas Ball."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The characteristic notes struck in "Ranch Verses" are pride in manliness, love of the natural, and scorn of the artificial. Through all the lines there is a practical, healthy view of life and duty.—*Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.*

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The whole book teems with life of the healthiest kind. Every page is interesting, and worthy of Bret Harte and Field. We cannot do better than recommend "Ranch Verses."—*N. Y. Electrical Review.*

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